

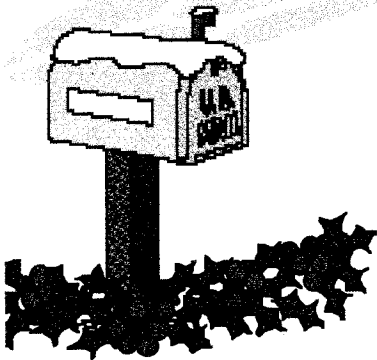
The

# Collingtonian

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December 1998



## My Junk Is in the Mail

By Bill Simpich

Darryl Thomas has been delivering mail to Collington for eight years and says

our daily load would stand 15 feet high.

He also says, "It's ridiculous" that we get more junk mail in a day than others do in a week. Darryl "suspects" that direct mail marketers view most retirement home residents as patsies.

Roland Hancock, Superintendent of the Largo-Kettering station in Watkins Park, says you might *possibly* be dropped from junk mail lists by requesting a "Name Removal Form" from:

Mail Preference Service  
Direct Mail/Marketing Association  
6 East 43 Street  
New York, NY 10017

I was once told by a postal official to write "refused" on the unopened envelope of unwanted mail and stuff it back in the mailbox. But Darryl and Roland both say that won't work. The Post Office simply "trashes" that stuff, so the sender assumes it was received and perhaps read.

The only escape is to put additional postage on the unwanted and mail it back to the source with this message on the

envelope: "Delete From Your List."

There's no guarantee that'll work, either.

If every second of life is precious to you and your pen pals, don't use the "Mitchellville, MD" address. Try "Bowie, MD 20721" and save eight letters--and three seconds.

Even better, omit the city entirely! Roland says your mail will be delivered as long as it has the five digit zip code. As a matter of fact, he says, you don't *really* need to indicate the state, although he says, "It's best if you do."

And if you live alone, you need not provide your name.

And forget about "zip plus four." The zip's what counts.

So my next mailing labels may read:  
10450 Lottsford Rd 4117  
20721

As I told Hank Thoreau, "Our life is frittered away by detail... Simplify, simplify."

Darryl starts sorting his mail at 6:30 and delivers to 250 homes along Enterprise Road and Fox Lake before getting here about noon. He feeds our boxes starting with Jessie Ward in Apartment 101, so Cliff Dwellers get priority treat

ment. But sometimes, not often, he'll serve Swamp folk first.

To assure early delivery of your mailing, drop it off by noon. If you've overslept a tad, stick it in the mailbox out on the street for a 2:30 pick-up.

If Darryl had his way, our boxes would be larger. If you're gone for a couple of days and receive newspapers by mail, he has to off-load some of your stuff on Priscilla.

And that lady, "Our Clocktower Queen," is an unofficial postmistress. With scanty exceptions, she performs every post office function: priority mail, express mail, return receipt requested, insurance (the max is \$5,000) and overseas mail (most of ours is to Canada, Mexico, Germany and Switzerland). The only services she doesn't provide are money orders and registered mail.

It doesn't thrill her, but she'll even wrap your packages. So will the Watkins Park Post Office if it's not too busy, but it'll charge more.

Maximum weight for postal deliveries is 70 pounds, but Priscilla's scale tops off at ten. Maximum dimensions get a little complicated. You have to add the long dimension of your package to its "girth." Wrap a measuring tape around the waist of your package to get its girth. Length plus girth can't exceed 108 inches. And pieces 1/4 inch thick or less must be at least 3-1/2 inches high, 5 inches wide and rectangular.

A friend of mine says, in support of our postal system, that in the early sixties you could mail a letter for three cents and often get one-day delivery. Come January, it'll cost 33 cents and may take 11 days, but he says that's still only three cents a day.

## Trash or Treasure?

All those different trash baskets ranged around the mail boxes present a lot of residents with a big "Why?" Dedicated recyclers cheerfully separate their daily mail into three separate categories and hope they have done the job correctly. Others huffily stuff their trash into whichever container is handiest and mutter something about "what a nuisance."

We asked Aphrodite Peters of Environmental Services if this recycling effort is to Collington's economic advantage. Her answer: "Indeed it is."

The more we recycle, the less often we have to send trash to the landfill, a service for which Collington pays a fee for transportation and for landfill use. Whatever is recycled, however, is picked up by the recycling company and taken to one of a number of plants around the county and this service costs us nothing.

During the fiscal year 1994-95 Collington generated 265 tons of trash. The following year the amount was reduced to 217 tons. During 1997 Collington has recycled 2.12 tons of commingled plastics, glass and cans, 3.34 tons of newsprint, and 2.47 tons of mixed paper.

Last week four concerned residents and two staff members visited one of the recycling plants that handles our newsprint and our commingled glass, metal and plastic containers to see how the system works. It works just fine. F.K.

Many Collingtonians enjoyed a lecture here last month on alternative medicine by Dr. Lynne Walker, daughter of our Randal Walker.

## It's BlossomTime Every Week

by Glendy Pabst

When Hillary Clinton wrote that it takes a village to raise a child, she was simply putting a new spin on a bit of ancient wisdom. Most of us realize that creative projects often need helping hands. And nobody knows that better than Penny Vickery.

Penny's "village" is the 36-member flower committee of which she is chairman. She relies on it for the many support services it takes to create, refresh and replace those 15 or more bouquets per week that make Creighton Center seem such a gracious home. It's one of the things that visitors notice first about Collington.

To keep this show in bloom for 52 weeks each year, Penny maintains as tight a ship as her husband Hugh ever commanded for the Navy. Her troops are organized in teams of drivers, clippers and arrangers, each on duty at specified times, and many also ready to come "at once" when a blooming crisis blossoms.

That sometimes happens when a call comes from the Gasch funeral home in Hyattsville, whose bereaved clients are encouraged to make gifts of leftover bouquets. "When Gasch calls, never say 'No!'" is the committee's stern motto, which applies even when the time is wrong.

As it was, for example, at 4 p.m. on

November 11, when many of Collington's creative spirits were already in crisis mode, preparing for the upcoming bazaar. Nevertheless Priscilla Atkinson, who took the call, alerted Mary Jane Cullinane, committee vice-chairman, who in turn located Art Longacre, a star member of the driving team which picks up donations. On other days, she may reach Peggy Croft, Parker MacCarthy, Tom Street, Franklin Newhall, or similar stalwarts.

Meanwhile Mary Jane rallied clippers

Annette Herman, Wilma Klick and Rita Austin, who quickly deconstructed six elaborate bouquets, first removing funeral ferns, then clipping frayed stems, sorting blooms by color and stem length, then adding preservative to water in huge vases before stowing the fragile treasures in Collington's 6-foot wide professional cooler. Veteran clippers Betsy Rhoads and Ruth Glennan had served the previous week, and



Two creators, Winnie Myers and Sophie Clagett, with creation.

Bernice Burdett was benched by illness.

Most large bouquets are created on Saturday under Penny's exacting eye, but throughout the week others take shape. So, on Thursday, Nov. 12, skilled arrangers Winnie Myers and Sophie Clagett began using the new flowers. Winnie learned floral design in the 1960s when, as an aide at National Geographic, she was asked by editor Melville Grosvenor to dress up his office. Sophie's impressive

credentials were earned in Alexandria when, working with the altar guild at Immanuel on the Hill church, she developed a memorial garden for the Episcopal Seminary.

Throughout the following week, daily teams kept all the new arrangements along the courtyard-level corridors alive. On Monday, Muriel Parry did her usual tour with cart and watering can, but needed few substitutions for wilted blossoms. By Tuesday, when Irma Perry took her weekly shift, her cart was laden with mums, daisies, carnations and glads, many of which found their way into the various arrangements. Olive MacCarthy and Dorothy Thompson often share Tuesday's routine. Upstairs, M.E. Wallen was doing the same life-saving round for the bouquets for which she and Carolyn Browning, committee treasurer, assume full responsibility.

On Wednesday, Elizabeth Hutchinson and Jean Marple were the flower-doctors. On Thursday, Ruth Coale-Turner and Dorothy Thompson presided, while on Friday, Charlotte Patterson helped. Finally, any day when something special is needed, Margaret Werts, former chairman and veteran arranger, is likely to be summoned.

Thus, Penny's "village" rounded out its week. And the larger township which is Collington sat back and once again enjoyed the perpetual flower show.

The 85-plus piece Prince George's Philharmonic marked its 30th anniversary last month. For ten of those years Collington residents have been regular listeners and heavy supporters.

## No Strange Bedfellows for Elliot

By Layne Beaty

When it came our fellow resident Elliot Richardson's turn to speak to a packed house of neighbors here about his career, he chose the title "Politics: The Most Difficult of Arts and the Noblest of Professions."

Under that rubric he proceeded to prove it by describing lucidly and often humorously his adventures in his chosen profession, up to the year 1969. The audience would have welcomed another 30 years.

As Phyllis Sternau noted in her introduction of "our radical moderate," he was born into five generations of doctors, but let it be known in his Harvard yearbook that his vocation was to be politics. So, he went to Law School, but not to practice law. He has held 26 full time jobs, Phyllis noted, most of them in that field.

Richardson cited his early learning advantage of living in the Boston area, the theater of so many famous and colorful political figures. He learned there, for example, that the Irish-American minority needed a strong political organization to survive.

In his strong advocacy of mutual trust between politicians and the people they represent, he said "The central distinguishing fact about the American system is that we the people have delegated to some among us responsibility for things that concern us in common. If the politicians remain accountable to us, we believe and so are right in our beliefs, that they work for us." He told how authority, from the Constitution Convention on to the present, is bestowed on public officials by the people."

## Backward or Forward, It's Home

By Faith Jackson

I am truly astonished that I had the wit to bring myself to this good place. When you have lived in many geographies, learned to adapt with each change, this last move couldn't be so hard, right? Wrong. It is difficult and requires a lot of thought.

I sold my place, gave the family what they wanted, and did away with the rest. I came out to Collington for a visit, then back for all the necessary administrative paper work. Finally, I dutifully spelled "W.O.R.L.D" backward for the psychologist. For years I have been passionately fond of those puzzles where words are inserted, upside down, side ways and on the diagonal to be extricated from a solid bank of letters, so I could undoubtedly spell antidisestablishmentarianism from right to left. I had no idea this inane skill would ever be useful.

June 1, 1998, to Mitchellville. At the last moment, I panicked. It was sheer lunacy to start over, pushing eighty, to squeeze myself into a compact nest in a strange place. Would I make new friends, hold on to the old, keep up my work, hide my down moods, find my way around the Collington clusters and the labyrinth of Prince George's County? Humor was mandatory in the first weeks. I would arrive at my outbound destination in minutes, then beat my way home in another two hours! One misstep, I discovered, and you are lost.

I came from a noisy city, so was initially oppressed by the deep silence surrounding the cottages here. I buried the thought of strolling out into the middle of my cluster to yell some witticism, and

wait to see whether any door would open.

After four months of aller-retour, I am beginning to settle in, and have to wonder, why was so much unnecessary worry spent, so much energy wasted? For I have been made welcome, absorbed into Collington life. I am awed by the past achievements and present activities of fellow residents. I have joined interesting groups, walked the fall woods, eaten too much, written most mornings. I love opening the sliding door onto my patio where there will be a garden, come spring. I love the feeling of security and privacy. Minor annoyances are soon forgotten.

Now, hard to believe, whenever I go off for a while, I find myself galloping back to 10450 Lottsford Road--I'm heading home!

## Millennium Madness

The final event of our decennial came off as scheduled November 6 in the form of four humorous skits related to the future of Collington.,

A large water color painting (by Elliot Richardson) of Clocktower Desk guru Priscilla Atkinson (with voice of Marcia Behr behind it) linked the skits together as they dealt with the next 13 years involving imagined application of Henry Kissinger for residence, Princeton University coming to P. G. County, a nudist colony next door, and a look back by three residents.

Millennium Madness was directed by Cynthia Parker, written by Frances Kolarek, Tom Street and Mary Olmsted.

## We'll Be Home for Christmas

By Frances Kolarek

After this year's cornucopia of events to celebrate our Tenth Anniversary, Collingtonians will no doubt be grateful that the holiday season will be celebrated quietly.

"A Quiet Christmas at Home" is the theme set by the Hospitality Committee. Following our established custom, the Drama Group will lead off the events on December 8. This year it's Thornton Wilder's "Happy Journey to Trenton and Camden."

The trimming of the Christmas tree is set for the afternoon of December 9 when Jane Rose, a soprano of note in Prince George's County, will sing and lead the group in Christmas carols. Cocoa, mulled cider and cookies are on the menu.

The bell ringers will hold their annual concert on the 12th and the Collington Singers will entertain on the 16th.

At the annual holiday dinner on December 17, residents are invited to wear something fancy to dinner--evening dress or Sunday best--that you would have worn ten years ago. For new arrivals this will present few problems, but for those who have been enjoying Collington cuisine for a few years, the clothes in the closet will be found to have shrunk a couple of sizes.

The annual Christmas morning breakfast--coffee and pastry--will be served in the Living Room where everyone is welcome to come and greet fellow members of the Collington family.

Bob Browning will arrange to bring a service of Lessons and Carols to the Interfaith Chapel on the 27th.

## ES Coordinated for the New Millennium

By Tom Street

Well, for the foreseeable future, anyway. It was only to be expected of our dynamic Director of Environmental Services that she would gear up her forces to meet the challenges ahead as befits a former Lt. Colonel Air Force Base Commander. By a neat combination of simultaneously slimming it down and beefing it up, Director Judy Mutty has created a strike force that should be able to handle the upheavals coming the environmental services way.

She abolished two positions, Assistant Director and Landscape Coordinator and replaced them with a part-time Special Projects Assistant (Earl Wells) and a Grounds Supervisor (Pat Tracy), saving a bit of cash in the process.

Then she expanded a Maintenance Coordinator into a Facilities Coordinator (Reed Harris) and a Security, Communications Coordinator into a Safety, Communications, Fleet Management Coordinator (Jason Felder) upping the ante a bit correspondingly, which also went for an Office Coordinator who becomes a Services Coordinator (Aphrodite Peters). These two, plus two new office assistants (Chanté Webster and Laura Davison) and a grounds assistant who doubles as a garage assistant (Ernest Proctor) fill out a team that is ready to roll.

I and others love the trill  
From all the birds around us  
But we miss a greater thrill  
Knowing zilch about their genus.

Bill Simpich

# Jo Bever, Friend of Music

By Margaret Werts

No performing musician herself, resident Jo Bever probably has done as much as any individual around to promote music appreciation and attendance at musical events.

She has for many years devoted much of her time to the National Symphony Orchestra, having been on the executive board since 1969 when she was president of the Women's Committee.

She distributed blocks of tickets to the Woman's Democratic Club and the Washington Wellesley Club and was involved in the Young Soloists Competitions. After being Education Chairman for 19 years, she became chairman of the Seniors Education Program.

Each year the NSO invites senior groups to attend three designated rehearsals in the Kennedy Center Concert Hall free of charge. More of this below.

After a busy fall, winter and spring here, every year Jo and husband Chris head for her native Maine where they own a 118-year old cottage on Hancock Point. They stay there until September temperatures send them home, but their summers are filled with music, nonetheless. The town of Hancock has a symphony orchestra, and chamber music groups are scattered all over northern Maine. That's when Jo just relaxes, listens and gathers strength for the busy months here.

For those Collingtonians interested in attending one of the offered free rehearsals of the NSO, Jo says to call her on 7203 or Leisure Services Coordinator Judy Reilly on 2248. She means soon.

Attendees must be in the hall by 9:45 a.m. Rehearsal ends at 12:30 p.m. On

Thursday, February 18, 1999, Pinchas Zuckerman will play Mozart's Third Violin Concerto and on Thursday, May 8, Yefim Bronfman will play Beethoven's Third Piano Concerto.

Jo Bever is also chairman of the NSO free "Library Talks with Music," to be held on second Tuesdays, January through April at the Bethesda Regional Library and at the Tenley-Friendship, D.C. library given by NSO docents, including our Jo.

She is also slated to give a series of music lectures ranging from Mozart to Gershwin monthly through June at the Aurora Hills Senior Center, Arlington.

More of her off-campus activities include membership on the board of the Prince George's Philharmonic. At Collington, she is co-chairman of the Community Outreach committee and helps arrange programs presented by our Music Committee.

Collington Episcopal Life Care Community, Inc.  
10450 Lottsford Road, Mitchellville, MD  
20721. Phone: (301) 925-9610

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## Trainee Covers the Spread

You may have seen Chris Gardner this past summer doing various chores around our grounds. He is tall, slim, handsome--and young.

Recently Chris has been spending his time in a musty corner in Administration as part of a year's residency at Collington while he earns his master's degree in Health Services Administration at The George Washington University. He follows in the footsteps of our own Executive Director Gail Kohn, who earned her degree at GW.

His preceptor is Stacey Guthrie, Administrator of Health Services, who receives dozens of applications from candidates for the degree and turns most of them down. Chris passed muster.

Having spent two months working with Environmental Services and two months in Administration, he is scheduled to go on to Dining Services, and finally will spend six months in Health Services.

Chris holds a bachelor's degree from Sewanee, the University of the South, in Tennessee. His mother, who has worked in the health care field for many years, serves as his inspiration. F.K.

About that pale green stuff appearing on reluctant portions of our lawn lately, it's a plastic-wood fibrous-looking commercial product named Curlex. It goes down on ground previously seeded, and facilities coordinator Reed Harris says it holds onto moisture and is working fine to enhance grass growth then bowing out. Not cheap, but labor saving. No good for salads.

## Georgia Keeps Us On Her Mind

Georgia Paine keeps a sharp eye alert for anything that will benefit the Opportunities Outlet, spelled Collington. Georgia drives for Meals on Wheels on Fridays, the day when trash is set out in the area she covers.

Recently she spotted an abused and abandoned chair of the sort once favored for sitting around the kitchen table where life used to be lived, the sort with a pressed wood back splat which sat high on spindles. Reproductions of them are popular now-a-days. She managed to bundle it into her car and turned it over to the Woodshop, which rehabilitated it handsomely but nobody is willing to guess whether it's genuinely old or a newish reproduction. It's available for purchase in the Op Shop.

One day she spotted a discarded lighting fixture on a long chain. It was rife with possibilities in Georgia's eyes. She was right. After it was fixed up, it sold for \$50 in the Op Shop and now graces a home outside Collington. F.K.

## Clagetts of Keokuk

Anyone intrigued by seeing this publication in the current Courtyard Gallery exhibit of publications by residents may examine a duplicate of it in our library, on the Prince George's County (Montgomery and St. Mary's Counties) shelf in the Travel section. It is written by Elizabeth Clagett Clark and inscribed by her to Collington as "anecdotal sketches of her mother's ten sisters and brothers--plus a few others--born and raised near Marlboro." T.S.

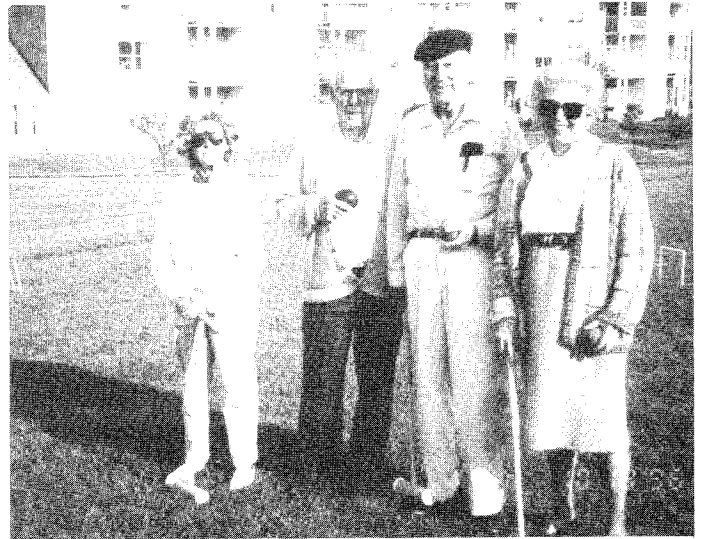


## Klein Reports on AAHSA Convention

Seven representatives of Collington attended the 37th annual meeting of the American Association of Homes and Services for the Aging (AAHSA) November 1-4 in Los Angeles, along with some 4,000 AAHSA members and 2,000 exhibitors and staff.

Of the dozens of sessions focused on particular aspects of continuing care community concerns, Doyen Klein, president of Collington's Residents Association, says that he found most interesting the ones on operational strategies with empowered residents and the next generation. He reported to our Residents Council that he would like to see more sessions in future conventions in which resident contribution could be used.

Others attending from Collington were Dr. Sandra Charles and June Vartoukian, past and current presidents of our board of directors; Gail Kohn, executive director; and staff members Nancy Fagan, Stacie Guthrie and Barry Smale.



Winners in this year's croquet tournament were Bill Burleigh and Randal Walker defeating Georgia Paine and Penny Vickery in the final round. Other contestants included Bob and Carolyn Browning, Art Longacre and Ruth Coale-Turner. Above L to R: Paine, Walker, Burleigh, Vickery.

## "Don't Move the Garden"

**Heinze Says**

Amid many discussions between residents, administration and architects regarding developing plans for Collington growth, Peter Heinze, chairman of the Hilltop Garden Committee, has circulated an eloquent letter delineating his opposition to the possibility of moving the garden to a new spot.

He outlines the efforts that have been made to develop soils in the present spot to produce vegetables at a partial cost of over \$10,000, plus several hundred man hours. He says there are no other soils on the campus that will ever be suitable for good gardening.

## Generous Gourmet

Passers by the "Home Groan" stand in the scooter park last month noted a new twist. In the green tomato basket, stapled to the side, was a recipe for "baked green tomatoes" typed on a small piece of paper in several copies, free for the taking. A close inspection revealed that the recipes were free, not the tomatoes. They were their usual 75¢ a pound. The only identifying mark was the initials "AFK." A rapid consultation of the Collington directory revealed only one possible author, Arnold F. Klick. One who tried the recipe and congratulated its propagator got the reply, "I got tired of frying green tomatoes." Great inventions that have changed the course of human history, or diets anyway, have sprung from no more than this initiative. T.S.

# Reaching Out

By Tom Street

Poet Robert Browning wrote (approximately), "Ah, but a (person's) reach should exceed his grasp/ Or what's a heaven for?"

Would it be fair to say that when we reach out to help someone we reach toward heaven? Why not? Many Collingtonians do so in many forms. A couple of perhaps less well known ones are under the aegis of the Collington Foundation.

One is in conjunction with the Kiwanis Club and takes the form of helping nearby elderly and needy folks cope with the growing difficulties of living at home by installing devices such as shower bars. Some of our ESD maintenance gurus teach installation skills to the Kiwanis volunteers. Lotteries held throughout the year for Redskins game tickets raise the funds to cover the cost of equipment.

The other is a county-wide operation to help elderly and needy folks prepare their tax returns. The Collington Foundation became involved in this project last year when it was discovered that Prince George's County, through an error, had been receiving grant money from the Internal Revenue Service when only non-profit groups were eligible.

The Advisory Group of Tax Counselling for the Elderly looked around for a tax-exempt organization to sponsor the program, and chose the Collington Foundation from among a number of candidates.

A grant of \$11,196 to the Foundation from the I.R.S. covers the costs of equipment and travel for the volunteers who help prepare the tax returns. This pro-

gram helps over 5,000 senior citizens and is one of the largest programs of its kind in the country.

Classes designed to help the 60 tax preparers from all over the County keep up to date on ever-changing regulations, meet at Collington. Terry Reinhart, who once held the classes under the aegis of the Prince George's Community College, now teaches on a volunteer basis.

The tax preparers do their good works at 16 sites. As most people know, four Collingtonians--Art Longacre, Roger Dixon, John Jay and Ernest Jennes--are among these volunteers. Some of the sites nearby are Glenarden library, Camp Springs Senior Center and Marlow Heights. Of course, these Collingtonians help us with our returns right here at home.

So if you're wondering what all those people are doing in the auditorium on Tuesday mornings, you now know they're training to extend their reach.

## Surgeon for the Right Doctor

"(Sampson) smote them hip and thigh."  
Book of Judges 15:8

I've just been smitten, hip and thigh.  
I say this with a sobbing sigh.  
It hurts to walk, but still I try  
To make it better, bye and bye.

A "hip replacement" I don't dare  
It gives me quite a night-mare scare,  
Until I find a surgeon (where?)  
Who'll save the old hip for a spare.

RWWV

# Lost in P.G. County

By Dorothy Brown

During my first couple of years at Collington, I got lost almost every time I ventured out the entrance gates. Not surprising, considering my life-long disability. I happen to be directionally challenged.

But in talking with other residents, I find that many perfectly normal people have sad tales of spending innumerable hours driving around this area, utterly lost.

Take my friend, Hortense. (Not her real name.) She set out to buy a table advertised in the Washington Post and wound up in Arlington National Cemetery. Hortense told me she had no idea how she got there or how to get out. She did what all we lost souls do-- ask someone.

I'm downright brazen about approaching people for directions, also indiscriminate. I find myself asking tots in sand piles the way to distant points. I'm even tempted to ask intelligent looking dogs to lead me to my destination.

Naturally I applied this strategy the day I got lost trying to find the Largo-Kettering branch of the Prince George's County Library. "You can't miss it," my friend told me as she sketched a map and described the route.

Shortly after leaving Collington, I found myself in a residential area which didn't match anything on the sketch. Time to ask. But there was no one around. I crept along at five mph and arrived at to a cul de sac where a man was raking leaves. To my query about the location of the library, he responded with a bewildered look, followed by a long recitation

I took to be the story of his life in a dialect from a remote Afghanistan province. I smiled, thanked him profusely and tried to retrace my route back to some point on my friend's map.

Aha! A school! There are teachers in schools and teachers know where libraries are. I followed the sound of children's voices to a playground. A harried looking woman was trying to herd obstreperous children into an orderly line. When she could be heard over the clamor, I asked where the library was.

Busy with her charges, she turned me over to a bright-faced girl, perhaps ten years old, who led me through a maze of hallways.

"Do you ever get lost?" I asked.

"Of course not," she said indignantly. "Here's the Library." Dr. Seuss posters and children's art work decorated the wall. Readers the size of my guide were seated on small chairs.

The girl seemed so pleased with herself I hesitated to ask, "Is there a big library near here, not in the school?"

She looked puzzled, then lit up. "Oh, that library. Sure. My mom takes me there."

Instead of vague directions and assuring me that I couldn't miss it, that sweet child led me to the school entrance and pointed, "That's it."

I could actually see the library. I had assumed it was an office building.

Now I have adopted some helpful rules. Avoid the beltway. Don't drive in D.C. Take the Metro. Stick to these user-friendly routes: 193 and 202 which intersect Lottsford and hook up to 450 or 214.

Or don't go.

## Well, How About That?

"Commodore" Charlie Trammell, regarded as a veteran old salt because of so many years of sailing around Annapolis, recently was invited to help the Hartge family celebrate over 60 years in the boat-building business. Captain Dick Hartge also built Hartge-Knabe pianos, an unusual combination of enterprises, but each helpful in landing on a key.

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Helen and Earl Bellman observed their 72nd anniversary in November. If it was a trial marriage, they surely proved the point.

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Our executive director, Gail Kohn, accompanied her husband Donald, a senior official of the Federal Reserve Board, on his business trip to New Zealand last month. It was uphill all the way back (see a globe map) but being a good swimmer, she came home on schedule.

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The smell of the greasepaint, the roar of the crowd (or vice versa) is inspiring some of our thespians already planning skits for the New Years Eve party here Dec. 31. We may have the only year-end celebration that drops the ball at 10:30.

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The Friday evening Trivial Pursuit players drew 16 activists (4 teams) on Nov. 20 after missing two weeks due to conflicting events. They voted to keep their weekly date regardless of conflicts, and seem to relish the hilarity of their spontaneous reactions to trivial questions. Mary Ellen Hines is the coordinator.

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An occasional overview of the roster of our neighbors reveals a series of name combinations that is almost as interesting as the owners thereof. For example, we have some Saints and a Crook, a Wall and two Streets and a Rhoads, a Dow and some Joneses, some Masins and Dixons. Aficionados of the suds will appreciate that we have some Millers and a Pabst, though only one Brewer. Then, there are the Great ones, seven of them, but only three are Catherine, one is Catharine, one Katharine, one Katherine and one Kathryn. Nicknames, too: Kay and Katie. Our 23 Marys rightly feel they're just grand with one spelling.

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Probably the easiest role in last month's skits parodying a possible future Collington may have been Ann Hammond playing herself as admissions coordinator and listening to Henry Kissinger's (Tom Street) hilarious demands for perks. If you have noticed that Ann has some additional listings in the phone directory (catering, marketing) it must be that once she brings people here she feels obliged to feed them at parties.

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On a recent morning Pat Tracy was discovered loading two small trees into our tippy little rowboat and rowing them across Collington Lake to the island. The two maples are replacements for the trees the beavers gnawed down a while back. Pat is doing the gardening part of Kevin Shaver's job, and comes to us from the Montgomery County Department of Roads, from which he recently retired. Kevin, incidentally, left us to work for the Virginia roads folks, otherwise known as VDOT.